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EDITOR'S Notes

Several prefacing comments need to be made before one begins a critical perusal of this issue of QUAD. First, I would like to say that I have tried to be particularly aware of the fact that this magazine should appeal to a varied audience, and represent whatever type of quality work, be it science fiction or sonnet, that finds favor with students. It is a great temptation when one is an editor to only include material that one is personally fond of, and reject work that does not meet one's aesthetic demands. Creativity can be embodied by various styles and forms.

I am not, however, trying to say that we have published works solely to appeal to the lowest common denominator of taste, and that are otherwise defenseless. None of the works are complete successes, but all contain at least one factor that warranted their printing, whether it be a particularly fresh image or metaphor, a convincing style, or an awareness to the beauty of language. Some of the poems are quite good, and the stories have their own charm.

I have always faulted those who pick up a QUAD at dinner, casually examine it, and superficially declare that it contains little, if any, quality material. There exists an unwarranted scepticism in certain faculty members and students that any really fine work can be found in QUAD. This type of cynicism prejudices any look at the magazine. As Dr. Abernathy said in our interview, you can look at young anybody and see their failures and successes. This work represents the beginnings of many sensitive writers.

Some of the poetry is at once appealing, others require some thoughtful examination and take on significant meaning with honest examination. Give the poems the attention they deserve, and I know you will be rewarded.

There are several French and German poems in this issue. Hopefully, they will not be regarded as attempts to pseudo-intellectualize the magazine, but merely as good poems that deserved to be printed.

I have enjoyed being editor this year, and am grateful for the opportunity, and for the fine sensitive staff that worked with me. I wish my successor luck, and many fine poems, stories, photographs, drawings, novelettes, literary criticisms, etc., etc., etc.

Bill Meredith

THE DEATH OF SNOW

G. SAVAGE

The children were strangely silent. They'd gathered at the Chapman's back porch, but now they were bent forward, looking into a small storage space. I'd often watched them play as I gardened, and this was the quietest I'd ever seen them.

One child knelt, half in, half out of the space. Slowly, a boy emerged, his blond head lowered so it wouldn't bump the ceiling. It was Andrew, the Chapmans' son. He was dragging something on a piece of newspaper from the tiny room. Another boy took one end of the newspaper and, with Andrew on the other, they laboured to lift it.

None of the children noticed as I moved closer to the fence separating the backyards. Their eyes were following Andrew and his burden. They set the paper on the ground quite near me and formed a half-circle around it. Andrew was stooped over the paper. I moved a step closer and saw a white cat lying there, making a feeble gesture at raising its head.

"The cat looks very ill." I said through the fence.

Heads turned toward me, then back to Andrew, who silently sat stroking the cat's pale head.

"It's not good for it to be out in this heat when it has a cool house." I said.

"But, Haskell, doesn't she need sunshine?" asked a tall girl near me. Andrew's eyes were apprehensive.

I felt restrained by the fence, so I started toward the gate. But since the gate seemed too far away, I climbed the fence instead. The children stepped back as I reached ground.

"Do you have a pan of water?" I asked.

The tall girl ran to the porch and came running back with a shallow tin pie plate. She placed it by the cat's head. The children looked anxiously at it, but the animal's only movement was the rythmical heaving of its sunken stomach.

"She has a name?" I asked, looking for some injury, some source of pain. But I only saw the cat's emaciated frame outlined beneath its skin.

"Snow." It was the first time Andrew had spoken. "Should we put her in her house?"

"I'd let her rest there, alone."

Andrew stood partially up, taking one side of the paper into his hands. The other carrier moved to his position, but Andrew looked at me. He made no motion to lift Snow. The other boy moved back and I took one edge of the paper, placing my hand beneath it. We moved slowly toward the porch, then gently lowered the cat to the floor of her house. The tall girl put the pie plate in while the others stared at Snow's painful breathing.

It hurt me to watch the animal as its breathing became more irregular but still would not cease.

"Andrew, Snow could be put to sleep so she'd never suffer again. It wouldn't hurt."

The older children looked shocked, and stared at me. As the silence continued I decided to leave the children and mention my idea to Mrs. Chapman. I did talk to Mrs. Chapman and I did work in my garden the next morning, watching the children squat fascinated by Snow's pain.

But the next day they did not come. Andrew walked alone around his back-





yard, never approaching the cat's small room. Finally he walked to the fence and looked at me.

"Haskell," he began, but tears fell to his cheeks. His hands tightly held the hot wire of the fence.

I started toward the gate, and Andrew followed. We met and walked to the front yard. There, we sat down before a clump of purple iris. Andrew stared into them.

"Could we plant a flower for her? So people won't forget her."

I smiled and he ran to his house for tools. The rest of the morning we planted pansy seeds in the hard, dry soil. Andrew watered them for the next few days but forgot them when no flowers immediately grew.

Now, he sometimes came to visit me, never saying much about Snow, but bringing a picture book of cats with him that we pored over together.

About a week after Snow's death, I was on my back porch helping Andrew with homework. But all of his attention was given to a page in his picture book.

"That looks like my cat." he said, pointing to an albino.

"Aren't some of those others pretty." I gave up on the homework.

"Not like Snow was."

"No, but look at that fluffy one. Andrew, let's go to the Humane Society and look at kittens."

"But that's where Mama took Snow..."

"We wouldn't have to buy one." I helped him up and we went to get his mother's permission.

As I drove, I tried to interest him in the different places we passed, but he wouldn't speak. When we finally arrived at the dirty, green stucco building, he began to cry. I gave him a Kleenex. Then we got out and walked across the graveled parking lot and into a dim hallway with dogs in large cages on both sides. The barking was unbearably loud. A worker took us to a small room where cages, one on top of the other, stood against the walls. Shrill squealing of puppies invaded even here. Andrew was entranced by the cages full of cats and kittens, the kittens tumbling over each other or lying against the cool, clay water-dishes. For half an hour he ran from cage to cage. Then we left the room to see the other animals while he decided between two kittens.

The dim hall opened into a yard behind the building. It was a shock for me to discover the rows of tiny white tombstones there.

"What's this?" Andrew was curiously staring at the monuments.

"Pet Heaven." I read the words off a rusty iron arch that curved over the entrance path. Andrew ran toward a stone cross.

"What does it say, Haskell?"

"It's the name of an animal. Some people bury their pets here."

He led me from stone to stone while I read off names and epitaphs for him.

"But where is Snow?"

I could say nothing. Andrew ran to other stones, staring intensely at each one as if he could divine which was Snow's.

"Could it be an unmarked one?" he asked.

"Maybe." I couldn't say no. He looked happier than I'd seen him since Snow's death.

"Then Snow's in heaven if she's buried here. I can pray to her; she'll hear me." He yelled across the cemetery to me.

I turned back towards the building.

"Come pick out your kitten, Andrew."

He followed me back into the noise and chose an orange, long-haired cat. He clutched it to him as we paid for it. He held it just as closely as I drove him home. During the next week, he carried it around from friend to friend.

I was now back in what was left of my late-summer garden watching the children play, through the fence.

"Here Snow, here kitty." They were holding out scraps of food.

"Were teaching her her name." Andrew yelled.

ZONE #32

Ken Love

"No, it's not time travel at all. It's a completely different concept. The theory behind it all was developed in the early '60's, but we're just now following up. You see, we're almost positive that when a historically critical point in time is reached, the 'stream of time' is sometimes split and goes both ways at once." Professor B. paused for a moment to let this idea sink in. His right hand was resting on the polished rail of a small disc-shaped platform. "I'm sure these theories were explained to you at Company Headquarters, but I don't believe they prepared you for all this, did they?" His free hand made a sweeping motion to indicate the laboratory and finally came to rest once again on the platform.

"The mechanics of the problem are baffling to say the least," he said, "but in essence what we've been able to do is to construct a machine that will enable a man to travel at will in this stream of time, from zone to zone." Once again his hand indicated the platform. "The boys in Research and Development call this 'Mister ZAP', but technically it is known as the 'Zone Accelerator Platform'. You, Lieutenant, are its first pilot."

John Hardigree had been only half-listening to Professor B. His attention was directed more at the laboratory. It fascinated him. His eyes scanned the room and took in every detail; the bank of computers that dominated the facing wall, the rows of monitoring stations that occupied at least half the floor space, and the platform itself, raised on a pedestal in the far end of the room. The professor's last statement succeeded in getting John's attention.

"What do you mean, 'first pilot'." He was indignant. "You just said you weren't completely sure the theory was sound, and then you expect me to get on that thing and ZAP myself to never-never land. Well, I'll tell you something, unless I learn a lot more real quick, I wouldn't hold my breath and wait for me to fly this thing, if I were you. Why just looking at it scares the hell out of me."

"Hold on just a minute, young man," the professor interrupted. "If you'll give me a few minutes to explain, I'm sure you'll be anxious to cooperate. To be frank with you, I'd love to do it myself, but the government wouldn't hear of it. First off, it doesn't fly; it simply shifts you from zone to zone. Theoretically, then, you should emerge precisely on this spot in every zone. The only problem will be if someone has erected a building on this spot in the other zone. As far as 'first pilot' goes, I guess I should have said 'first human pilot'. We've sent several chimps through with promising success, and General Borman, who has taken over the project, thinks it's time to try a human pilot. The government boys have not been able to complete a security check on you for some reason, but you are the only man medically qualified for the job. We're taking a big risk with you, Lieutenant. I want you to realize that. You see, medically you are the only person in the United States, perhaps in the world, with the exception of our test animals, of course, that has the precise DNA breakup required for successful re-entry into a previously occupied zone. What all this means is..."

"Wait,... hold on a minute," John gasped. "This whole deal is beginning to smell like Mission Impossible or some kind of spy operation. I was under the impression that this was a purely scientific mission. Borman is in charge of National Security; what's he doing in this? And why...?"

The laboratory door slid open and a short figure marched through. Lieutenant Hardigree snapped to attention and saluted.

"Good afternoon, soldier," the figure said.

"Afternoon, sir." John was staring at his own reflection in the general's mirrored sunglasses. "Hmmm," he thought to himself, "this place is full of look-

ing glasses and mirror worlds. I wonder if Lewis Carroll developed the theory behind all this?" He laughed nervously under his breath.

The mirrors turned to the professor. "Afternoon, Professor, how's the project going?"

"A little behind schedule, sir. We're just now briefing the pilot." The professor glanced at Johnny. "He seems to have a few questions concerning the project's function which I'm afraid I don't know how to answer."

"Well, just do the best you can, but get this thing going. And remember," the General indicated John with his thumb, "he's not to leave the base until this project is completed. Top Secret you know." He smiled slyly at the professor and then abruptly wheeled and strode off. The laboratory doors opened and closed.

"Well," said John, "I guess that sort of confirms my suspicions about spy missions, doesn't it?"

"Not really," said the professor. "I'll be candid, Lieutenant. This is more of an escape tunnel than any attempt at espionage. You know how close we are to nuclear war. It could happen now." The professor snapped his fingers as if to emphasize the speed of this possible attack. "Well, the Big Brass knows how close it is too. What they're looking for is a way out when the Big One finally drops. My project just happened along when they were desperate, that's all. No spy mission, no dirty work at all, just plain old exploration."

Abruptly John relaxed and smiled. "Tell me more," he said. "Show me how to run this 'Mister ZAP' thing."

Professor B. smiled. "It's really quite simple, although it works on a principle you're probably not familiar with. Basically what it does is vibrate the individual molecules of your body until they achieve ultra-light speeds. What happens after that is something I'm not qualified to explain; but, in essence, your body is vibrated into another zone. Do you understand?"

"Oh... uh... yeah, great. But how do I know where I am when I get there?"

"That's where you're entirely on your own. You see, we don't know exactly what you will find. Out of the countless billions of these 'alternate worlds', you will only experience a small fraction. However, we know absolutely nothing about any of them. That's your job. All we are looking for is a zone suitable for occupation by the Top Brass. Of course, once they're transported, they can't return; so essentially they will move the U.S. government to another zone. Kind of scary, isn't it."

The professor turned abruptly and motioned for John to stand on the platform. A waist-high brass rail encircled the disc, and a small control panel was mounted to one segment. "Here," he indicated a calibrated dial on the panel, "is the master control for the Zone Accelerator. All that is necessary to change zones is to turn this dial and depress the activator button, here." He pointed to a small, red button at the right of the dial. "The rest is automatic. As you can see, we are now in Zone #32. That number is the only one we know for sure. As you explore these zones, you should fill out this frequency scale with information pertaining to that particular zone. As far as time goes, you've only got a month or so, so don't stay too long in one place. Clear?"

John nodded. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow morning; so I would suggest a big meal and lots of sleep. In fact, if you like steak you can come to my place tonight. It's on base. Maybe we can talk some more."

"That sounds fine," John nodded his approval. "What time?"

"Try to drop by about seven. It's on the far side of the base, not too hard to find. So be along now, and don't forget dinner."

John stepped off the platform and strode across the laboratory, pausing before the sliding doors. They opened wide and he walked out past two armed guards, and into the brilliant Colorado sunshine.

"How do you like your steak, Lieutenant?" The professor was hovering over the kitchen grill. Plush wasn't adequate to describe this apartment, John noted. It was lavish. He put his cigarette out in the ashtray and sank back into the over-

stuffed leather couch.

"Medium well is fine." John lit another cigarette and propped his feet on the glass coffee table. "How's a guy like you rate an apartment like this?"

"The government really knows how to take care of its investments, doesn't it? If you think this is nice you should see the car they gave me to drive. I guess they're trying to make me comfortable so I will work as quickly as possible. Why, do you like the apartment?"

"I love it." John was relaxed. "Tell me, what was this you said this afternoon about Security not being able to complete a security check on me. What's the matter, did I date a Communist spy, or something?"

"Hardly that at all, Lieutenant." The professor appeared from around the corner. "I must say though, it's one of the most astounding things I've ever heard of... Look at the tips of your fingers." John stared at his fingers for a moment and then looked back at the professor, obviously perplexed. "You have no fingerprints," he exclaimed. "And as far as Security is concerned, without fingerprints you don't exist." John grimaced. "It's like not having a heart, or not having a brain. Isn't that strange?" Professor B. was laughing out loud. "You nearly drove them nuts, Lieutenant, but we finally persuaded General Borman to let the project continue anyway.... Come on, we've talked a-plenty, the steaks are getting cold."

John was still staring at his fingers. "Well I'll be damned," he muttered, "I'll just be damned." He pushed himself out of the couch and moved across the room to the dinner table, still muttering to himself.

"Don't let it upset you," the professor commented. "I'm sure it's related to the unusual gene makeup in your blood." He paused to take a bite of his steak. "Mmmm, not bad, how's yours?"

"Great," John said, "just great. I'm afraid that I'm not very hungry tonight, though. Just nervous I guess." He pushed the last few bites of steak around with his fork. "I'd better be going. Tomorrow's going to be a big day for Zone #32... I mean, for the United States."

"See there, you're already thinking like a Zone Traveller. You'll be an old pro at this before you know it. You're right though," the professor said, "a good night's rest is important. We'll see you in the morning, Lieutenant."

"Thanks for the dinner." John was at the door. "see you in the morning." He stepped off the porch and disappeared in the darkness.

Dawn found John Hardigree walking across the deserted quad from his dormitory room to the laboratory. A now-familiar voice hailed him abruptly, "John, wait up." He turned and saw the short, frail form of Professor B. trotting across the parade ground from his right. "Couldn't sleep either, eh?" John nodded. The professor was at his side now. "Seeing as how you're up, we might as well get started, that is unless you want to get some breakfast first."

"No thanks," said John, "I'm really not hungry." They continued to walk towards the laboratory.

"Neither am I." The two guards snapped to attention as the doors of the laboratory opened to admit them. The professor turned on the lights.

It was still there. Somehow John had expected it not to be. The Zone Accelerator sat perched on its pedestal like some malevolent god, pulsating with energy. "We charged it up early this morning." Professor B.'s voice broke the spell and John looked around. "Twenty million volts." The professor patted the brass rail. "I only wish I were going with you, boy."

John glanced at his watch. "Is it time?"

The professor nodded. "When you're ready, Lieutenant." He looked sad, John thought. As if he had just given his only daughter in marriage.

"I'll be back soon." John's words were positive as he climbed aboard the platform. He stepped to the controls and turned the dial. His eyes met Professor B.'s as he pushed the red button. "Goodbye."

The words hung in the air as twenty million volts of electricity surged through his body. He tried to scream but nothing happened. His hands were welded to the platform rails. The laboratory blurred before his eyes and finally disappeared





altogether. Tearing his hands from the rail, he stumbled blindly off the platform.

He was standing in a grassy meadow. Every vestige of the military base was gone. John turned around slowly. The platform was still on its pedestal, which was sunk in the tall grass of the meadow. The professor had been right, there, John thought. The platform hadn't moved at all. There had been no sense of flying or travelling, just an unbearable pulsating electrical current. John looked over his surroundings. "This is it," he thought to himself. He noted the position of the sun. "I'm sure he knows I'm here by now." His foot was impatiently patting the grass of the meadow.

Without warning the air above him was filled with a shimmering light as a large translucent orb suddenly appeared directly over the platform.

"So you're finally back." The voice seemed to come from everywhere at once.

"Did you learn anything?"

"Yes, father," John replied. "I learned a great deal more than I wanted to."

"Well, boy, tell me." John could sense his anger.

"You were right, father," John said, looking at the ground. The prisoners in Zone #32 are beyond rehabilitation. I was appalled by their hate and greed, but I forced myself to look for some good in them; anything that might stay your hand. I'm sorry to say that I looked in vain."

"What's this little toy?" The light hovered closer to the platform.

"It is a device for travelling from zone to zone in the physical realm. They were experimenting with them, so I brought one to show you."

"Ah, then they have truly become dangerous." John thought he detected a note of surprise in his father's voice. They now are able to spread their hatred to other zones as well.

"Wait,...isn't there somewhere else you can put them? In another star system perhaps?" John was desperate now.

"No, it is over." The voice was firm. "When we put these prisoners, these most evil spirits in the galaxie, on Zone #32, we hoped they would reform themselves and once again become as we are. However, this has not been the case."

The glowing orb began to spin in the morning sun until it became a swirling mass of protoplasm. It began to take form. "Father?" Instantly John recognized The shape. "Not Death, please."

"Is this not the figure they associate with my presence in Zone #32?" He clutched his sycth tightly in a protoplasmic hand. "I must be on my way. Wish me well."

The figure grew transparent and slowly faded from view, until all that remained in the meadow was John and the platform.

He was crying.

OLD BOY

Christopher Smythies

Fraser was slowly and quietly filling Mr. Marshall's pockets with Rugby School cutlery. The housemaster seemed too absorbed in his breakfast to notice.

The scene was a typical one for breakfast. About eighty sleepy students convened at half past six for the first meal of the day. When they were all present, wearing coat and tie, the housemaster would walk into the old hall with his usual distinguished air. He was a tall thin man, and looked older than his actual age of fifty-one years. A thin, wispy white beard covered his frail and boney jaw. His hair was already completely grey. His lofty outlook made him appear to be on an entirely different plane from that of the boys. When the housemaster reached the senior table, benches were scraped back, silence descended, and everybody stood up for grace.

The hall in which they ate was two centuries old. The students did not think about the value of the large tables as they unconsciously dug forks and knives into the wood and pulled copper strips away from the edges. One of the most unpopular punishments in the house was to spend hours polishing the oxidized copper. Even if the boys did succeed in outting an end to that punishment by removing the copper, old Marshall was bound to find something even more unpleasant. Along the walls, lists of house cricket and rugger teams, engraved on wooden plaques, were hung. It was still dark outside, and dim lights, suspended by their wires from the ceiling, were turned on.

Usually at breakfast, conversation was almost non-existent. The boys would be thinking about two things: the beds they had just left and the hard, grueling day ahead. Nobody knew what was in Mr. Marshall's mind as he silently chewed on his fried eggs and bacon. To Ian, he seemed very distant and non-communicative.

Fate decided on this particular morning that the housemaster was to sit next to Fraser, one of the more experienced veterans of the enclosed world of Rugby. Fraser and Marshall did not get along with each other very well. However, five years had taught Fraser something about how to handle even the most difficult of housemasters.

Fraser's father was the chieftain of the Fraser clan, and was very wealthy. He was a modern Scottish businessman and wanted the best of everything for his son, including a preparatory education at Rugby. On his first day at school, Ian had presented a round, rosy face, still free from any signs of a beard, and curly hair grown to the maximum length the school would allow. He was extremely well groomed and had very fine manners. He had made a good first impression on the housemaster.

In those days Fraser had had to share a study with three other new-boys. He smiled now as he recalled how neat and tidy they had kept their room and themselves, just as Mummy had told them to do. At first he had enjoyed himself, only because the rules were much looser than they had been at his previous school. He was even allowed to eat sweets and have money in his pocket whenever he wanted. However, as he matured, he grew out of the rules more rapidly than he did out of his clothes. He was angry when he could not leave the house after six, and could not buy food downtown. His anger soon turned into mild rebellion.

How times had changed, he thought. He now had a small room all to himself, and he kept it as he pleased. Over the five years, to the disgust of the housemaster, he had changed into a very sloppy person.

Just as he finished placing the third spoon in the housemaster's pocket, Mr. Marshall looked at him.

"Time for grace?"

Fraser looked around the hall. "Think so, sir." He heaved a sigh of relief to himself. For a moment he thought he had lost his touch.

The housemaster then stood up, and everybody did also. There was a loud crash as one of the long benches fell over, as they so often did.

"Benedices, benedicat. Per te, Jesu Christum, Dominum nostrum."

Mr. Marshall walked out of the hall, while everybody remained reverently silent. When he was gone, conversation started up again, and dishes clattered as they were being cleared away. Fraser casually wondered when the housemaster would next stick his hand into his pocket.

He left the hall without bothering to clear up his plates, and made his way to his study through the dark and gloomy passages. The sound of his footsteps echoed across the bricks and the concrete of the bare floors. He walked up a narrow, winding staircase, stopping at a low wooden door, pulled it open, and went inside.

As if built for a family of dwarves, the study was so small that a grown man, standing in the middle of the floor, could touch all four walls and the ceiling without moving. The window was so little that an average-sized person would not be able to crawl through it when it was fully open. Even the door was low, and opened into the passage-way. It was an advantage for Ian to be himself only five-foot-four; he did not have to stoop each time he went through the doorway.

The only piece of furniture provided by the school was a small cupboard and some shelves above it, which were scarcely large enough to hold half the boy's books. In certain places on the wooden floor the planks had been broken, leaving large gaping holes in which generations of rats had made their homes. The interior walls were painted white and were perforated with holes made by the drawing pins and nails of former occupants. Two large iron pipes ran along the bottom of one wall, carrying boiling hot water for heating the building.

Everything Fraser owned was crammed into his study, leaving very little room for himself, despite his size. When visitors asked if the room made him feel claustrophobic, he would deny it, and claim that it was cosy. The major article of furniture in the study was a six-foot couch, designed and constructed by Ian himself. The main material used was foam-rubber, stubbornly bargained for at the study auctions at the end of the term before. The theory was that the thicker the foam-rubber, the more comfort, and ultimately the greater the peace of mind for the weary body. The foam-rubber in Ian's study was four feet thick. Over the couch he had placed a rug, smelling of mothballs, its tartan pattern representing the ancient Scottish tribal tradition of the Frasers.

Fraser sat down heavily on the couch. He casually wondered what would happen to him when Mr. Marshall discovered the hardware he was carrying around in his jacket. He would probably be called up after dinner and be given one of those boring lectures, in which one tried to look as terrified as possible. Mr. Marshall was old and senile, and he always gave severe warnings which he never carried out. Apart from the couch, there were in his private castle now two other important pieces of furniture, a small table under the window and a chair. The table was about a hundred years old and bore the heavily carved initials of Rugbeians of the Victorian era. In those days, Ian liked to think, a young gentleman may have bent over it, deep in his studies of Latin and Greek, scribbling with a quill by the light of a candle. The chair, equally ancient, was ready to collapse at any moment, but the two existed together, as an old couple would.

The bell to chapel started ringing and Ian cursed. He wondered whether it would be worth skipping. When he remembered that Mr. Marshall would probably be looking out for him, he decided he had better go. He still had another five minutes to dream through.

Fraser had decorated the walls with a variety of objects, all set up for some sentimental reason. On the wall by the window an old bicycle wheel was hung by a rusty nail, a reminder of the day when the bicycle itself fell to bits under the strain of time and use.

Just above it was a torn photo of a rugger team. Despite his size, Fraser had managed to achieve the honour of playing in the new-boys team. Now, he could not understand why he had been so excited about the fact. Dominating the wall above the couch were two large posters, rather explicitly photographed nudes printed on them. Despite continuous orders from the housemaster to take the women down, they stubbornly remained, symbolizing the advance of permissiveness at Rugby. On the opposite wall, and above the desk, papers, timetables, and notices were pinned. When the small window was opened, the wind would blow in and rustle the papers like leaves on a tree. On the bare patches of wall that remained, old postcards, photographs, and programs were attached. The would be looked at, commented on, and forgotten by visitors, but were precious in their individual ways to Fraser.

Normally the study was in a shambles. Most of the books were out of the shelves and lying on any horizontal surface, usually the floor. The foam-rubber inside the couch was not arranged properly. On top of the table were papers and open books, piled high. Open ink bottles, placed in precarious positions, threatened disaster at any moment. Old orange peels and lemonade bottles were brushed away into the hidden corners of the study. Ian comforted himself in the familiar warmth of his possessions.

The bells stopped ringing. Fraser had about a minute to get to the chapel. If he ran, he would get there in time. He picked up a couple of books and dashed out of the study.

* * * * *

The day had been hard and difficult for Fraser. He had laboured through one chapel service, seven classes, and one rugger game; and although it was six o'clock in the afternoon, he was exhausted. During chapel, he had seen no sign of Mr. Marshall. This was odd because he invariably attended. Two of the seven classes were disasters. With a broad grin the masters had told them to shut their books and get out a piece of paper and a pencil. The rugger game was an equal disaster. On more than one occasion he had been utterly squashed by the scrum. For lunch, he had had time for only one small sandwich, which was not much to survive on. He had had no chance to go to his study, let alone put his feet up on the couch. He dragged himself wearily along the passage and drooped in front of his door like a wilted plant. He paused as he was about to open the small, wooden door, thinking it was odd that he had not seen or heard from Mr. Marshall all day, except at breakfast. He shrugged and opened the door and turned on the light.

Fraser flung himself back into the passage as an almighty explosion shook the foundations of the old house. Papers, books, postcards, pencils, and foam-rubber came flying out of the small doorway, followed by clouds of blue smoke. He landed against the opposite wall more dumb-founded than startled. Boys emerged from out of their studies on the passage and crowded around as in a dream. One of them grabbed a fire-extinguisher from off the wall and held it foolishly in his hand. They asked each other what had happened, and whether anybody was hurt. Gradually the smoke cleared, and Fraser slowly picked himself off the floor.

Ignoring the growing crowd, Fraser looked into his study and felt sick. Everything was off the walls and on the floor, including the two naked women. Both table and chair had been blown over. The couch had been gutted completely and all four of the glass window panes had been smashed. Books and papers lay

everywhere, and the entire room was bespattered with ink. Ian peered through the still smokey ruins to see if he could locate a center in this chaos, and there, above his head, he made out a lamilian shape hanging from the inert light socket, the ragged red carcass of a giant exploded thunderflash.

"Has somebody fetched the housemaster yet?" Fraser asked, turning away from the heart-rending sight.

"Yes," said a voice. "He should be here any second." A few moments later the tall, thin frame of Mr. Marshall appeared at the end of the passage.

"What the dickens is going on here?" he demanded in a loud, booming voice. Silence fell over the boys like a heavy blanket.

Fraser spoke up without hesitation. "Somebody rigged up a thunderflash in my study, sir. The thing's just gone off." Mr. Marshall strode up the passage, and as he went, the crowd hurriedly parted to make way for him. His expression was fierce, and it put terror into the hearts of the younger boys. He stood in front of Fraser and towered above him.

"What the hell do you mean 'thunderflash'?" It was rare for him to swear. When he did, it meant that he was really angry.

"A thunderflash is one of those super large fire-crackers, sir. One was tied up to my light socket. When I turned the thing on, it exploded."

"Who is responsible?" He asked this in such a way that every boy present felt guilty. The little crowd began to retreat. Those at the back quietly slipped away. With the enraged face of the housemaster only a few inches away, Ian was beginning to lose some of his former confidence.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I don't exactly know. Nobody here says they saw anybody going into...."

"Well, you had better find out — and soon!" Mr. Marshall looked into the study, and grunted. "Whoever did it, certainly succeeded in making a mess of everything," he said, inspecting the damage with a keen eye.

"Yes, sir," said Fraser in a small voice. Mr. Marshall's hostile attitude made him feel that he was himself somehow responsible for the crime. The housemaster looked away from the study and addressed the group.

"I want the person responsible for this to own up. I shall give him twenty-four hours to come to my study and confess. If nobody shows up, then I'll gate the whole house — and I mean it." With that dramatic statement, he left. As he was walking away, Fraser studied his face carefully and was sure he saw, amazingly, a faint flicker of a smile — a ghost of a smile — across it for a brief moment. However, before he could be sure of it, the housemaster was gone. It left Fraser puzzled, for he was sure he had not been mistaken.

The boys looked at each other with troubled expressions. Gate the whole house? Not to leave the house for any reason, for a whole week? It could be more accurately described as turning the place into a goal. Gating everybody was an unthinkable punishment. Probably this was the first time a whole house gating had been seriously threatened by a housemaster in Rugby history. The boys disbanded, and quickly spread the news throughout the house.

* * * * *

At five o'clock the next day, Fraser was nervously standing outside Mr. Marshall's office, impatiently waiting for him to get off the phone. He fidgeted with his fingers and tapped the linoleum floor with his shoes. He looked around the bare white walls, seeking for some distraction to make the time pass more quickly. He found nothing that could calm his mind. On the surface, he was immaculately clean for a change. His tie was straight, and his shirt was pressed. He had even taken the trouble to get his good jacket from out of his trunk. Underneath the finery, he was sweating like a pig.

He had come to tell the housemaster that he had spent most of the night cleaning up his study, trying to make the place look as if nothing had happened. The couch was back into order and all the papers were sorted out. He had swept the floor and sold the naked women. He was going to ask Mr. Marshall that since everything was better than it ever had been, whether he would be willing to forget the whole thing.

He knew that he was making the right move. If nobody owned up, the house would be in danger of being gated, and he was in danger of becoming the scape-goat of the whole house's anger. At least there was a chance with what he was doing now.

When Fraser heard Mr. Marshall put down the receiver, he knocked on the door, quickly and nervously.

"Come in," said a gruff voice from inside, Fraser slowly opened the door and walked in. Mr. Marshall's study was a great deal larger and more comfortable than Fraser's. Around the walls, books were tidily lined in their shelves. He had a thick orange carpet on the floor and several comfortable chairs in strategic positions. The housemaster was sitting behind a large mahogany desk. Fraser went up to him and put his hands behind his back.

"Sir, I want to...."

"Don't tell me. Let me guess. You've cleaned up your study and are willing to forget the whole thing."

"How did you know, sir?"

Mr. Marshall ignored the question.

"I'm glad you've finally decided to keep your study clean. It was a disgrace to the house."

"I know." Ian looked convincingly ashamed.

"All right. I'll consider your request."

Fraser made his way to leave the room. Just as he was at the doorway, he turned and looked at Mr. Marshall.

"We still have no idea who blew up my study," he said.

Mr. Marshall looked at him blankly.

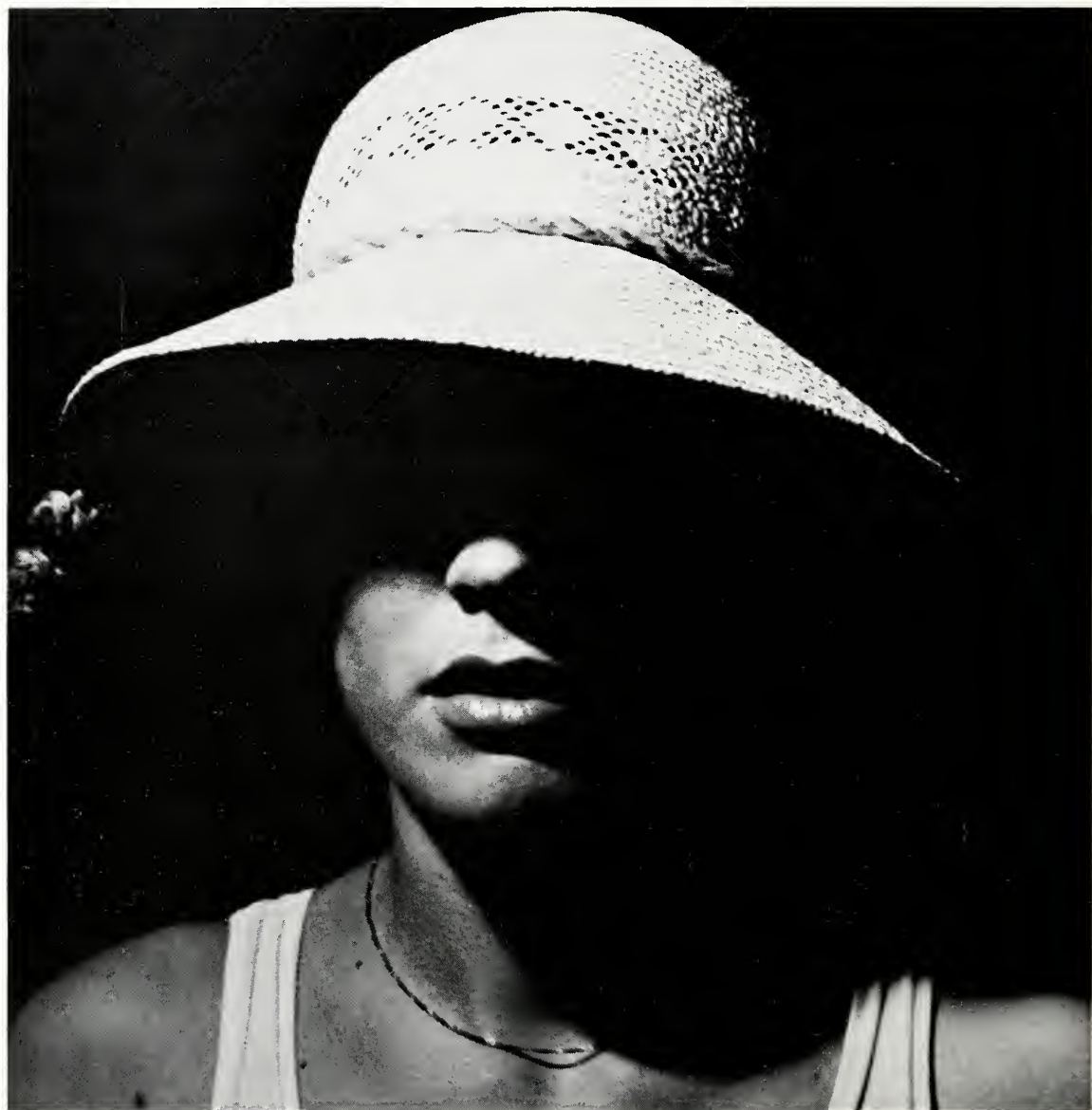
"Have we, sir?" Ian asked.

The housemaster only continued to look fixedly at the boy, and then Ian saw — was sure he saw — those cold eyes turn shrewd and that enigmatic smile come again to soften those prim lips.

"No, we don't know. Do we, Ian? Perhaps we shall never know." He waved his hand gently toward the door in a gesture more of greeting, Ian felt, than farewell.

Ian left the room in utter amazement. Then he grinned. Damn! He had been too stupid to live. Now he knew. Rugby had made them, like the old chair and table, an odd couple.







Emaciated branches stretch and grasp,
A thousand gnarled fingers reaching out
For any morsel that the cold might drop.
They beg in vain, for winter's sky is harsh;
And snow is all that falls from leaden clouds.
But in the spring each twig will greenly start
Its journey towards the empty winter days.

Elizabeth A. Scalise

Waltzed in gay Winter this year—
prodding the gentler trees
and the laughing fallen leaves,
spotting cheeks
numbing fingers and lips.
Joyfilled lunging round about
she pinched and tugged,
wooded and broke our hearts.
Sleepy summer to brisker fall
succumbed, and ousted
fall now scurries away,
head down, tail well tucked,
not once glancing round to see
the braver whore give chase.

But oh—
gentler Spring shall come,
wooing her fallen children to waken,
and sing brief eulogy for this
cold whore who now
our senses gayly steals.

w.r.meredith

Une tache de vert apparaît dans le gris.
Les branches si vides sont un peu plus remplies.
La terre se réveille - on ne sait pas comment -
Et dans une étincelle, voici le Printemps!

elizabeth a. scalise



You always leave. And I cannot say stay
Or touch your arm to halt you as you pass.
There is no time for my tired eyes
To trace the shadows cast upon your neck
By straying hair.
Your child form, carved of ice,
Would rather melt into the warmth
Than live long in a coolness.
You've braided your blond hair into
A silver chain
That strings across my path
To block the way. So I stand very still
And watch your pale breath fade
Into the air that briefly held your voice.

~ anonymous

ICHABOD *

My mind is quiet- all have gone,
And I am left alone once more
Upon the cold and windswept shore
Where sorrow ever comes to spawn.

Alone while yet compassed by souls,
I see for them the wretched fate
Decreed to men who dumbly wait
Their lives out, till the death-knell tolls.

How I despise these stranded fools!
Their half-wished rescue never comes,
And lassitude creeps in and numbs
Their sentience till convention rules.

And so eternally I stand
Apart, alone, enmaddened by
The nothingness with which they die
To lie unnoticed in the sand.

*(Ichabod: "the glory is gone")

Jon Jefferson

Shuffle of lost feet through the
Dead vacant skeletons of
Leaves, cracked and dry.
Deafening silence of the wind
Against stubborn ears,
Brittle from cold, unhearing.
Chill caress of the sharp breeze
On a lonely cheek-
The fuzz of innocence.
Desolation envelopes me.

Martha Speer

I can almost sense
That sweet existence of no
Perception of time.
The world reels in an
Everlasting fantasy,
Constantly changing.
I slowly creep towards
My destination, but it
Subtly passes by.
A minute speaks of
Eternity, while the last
Day speeds wildly on.
And with a sad sigh
I am gently placed upon
The familiar earth.

Martha Speer

A moment, above

If you can envy the cool wind
when it soothes your skin in winter,
a glance of liberty, from within,
will conquer your soul in whispers.

And if in icy mountain waterfalls,
the smile of timid bubbles you share,
cascades of diamonds will go below,
caressing mighty rocks in tender care.

And also, if in big, tall trees,
you find strength in life's continuity,
a deep root you would like to be,
widespread in nature's fertility.

Here now, on top of the Smokies,
time is just meaningless, unnoticed,
and an endless rug of life seeks
a new breeding layer, self-promised.

Francisco Medina



She runs
She chases the days through their years
With her she carries my spirit
In her wild, ethereal melodies
She touches my heart
She is the wind
I wish to be as free as she
To touch the sky, and brush the ground
To catch her whirlwind flight .
But her sorrow is too great
She rises and falls, flinging her tears
Hot, stinging and bitter in her anger
Angry with the tormented, the cringing
Caressing the bold, the carefree
And leaves them breathless
Empty when she withdraws her power
She is my soul
I am the wind.

Schmecklevitz

Toi-même m'es comme le soleil révéle.
 La lumière remplace l'aube, peu à peu,
 Et chaque rayon épie qui se cachait,
 Joignant jusqu'à ce que le vrai soleil soit connu.
 Avant que la vérité soit éclatante,
 L'aube terne et rosée m'était gentille;
 Malgré cela, je l'ai pensée complète,
 Au bord de l'horizon, cette rougeur seule.
 Ce bord rosé au loin n'est pas le soleil,
 Comme une ombre n'est pas un homme vivant.
 Quand ton premier rayon s'est commencé,
 J'ai commencé à te connaître révérencieusement.
 Maintenant je m'enchanté dans ton jour levant,
 Me réjouis dans chaque rayon émergeant!

(Your self to me is like the sun revealed.
 By slow degrees, daylight replaces dawn,
 And ray by ray peeps out that was concealed,
 Combining till the genuine Sun is known.
 Before the truth of you was brilliant grown,
 The rosy dawn was sweet to me, though dim,
 And yet I thought entire what sun was shown
 In that mere flush on the horizon's rim.
 No more the Sun, that distant rosy line,
 Than a man's shadow is itself the man!
 And when the first true beam of you 'gan shine,
 Reverently to know you I began.
 Now I rejoice me in your rising day,
 Rejoice me in each new-emerging ray!)

Most beautiful and tender are the transient
 Seasons: bittersweet, ephemeral.
 Only briefly chartreuse, soft the verdure-infant;
 Of an hour the velvet petals fall.
 Likewise lingers autumn but a brilliant moment,
 Giddy, gaudy as an aging whore:
 Tender, glowing softly with a longing poignant
 For the memories drifting to the forest floor.
 Too brief the seasons as a faery fire!..
 Brief as youth, a shadow hanging o'er;
 And, for I cannot e'er reach you entire,
 For the nonce, I love you more and more.
 But let time fly, I'll cling the more to thee
 And make each moment an eternity.

Lächelnd bist du mir schön! Wie zwei Planeten
Neue, die Sonne zum ersten Male fangend',
So glänzen deine Augen: wie zum Spass
Die Strahlen zurückwerfend froh sie funkeln!
Und wie leucht't dein Gesicht zu jeder Zeit
Von Gelächter--man kann es ja nicht sagen
Mit schwachen Wörtern, fassen nicht die Art
Du gibst es wieder machtlos, selbst das Sprechen.
O lass' mich noch einmal dich ansehen
Und die Erweiterung deiner Lächeln ehren,
Und wie das Licht aufs Antlitz sich aufhellt,
Und wie über dich die erhellende Gnade
Schlüpft wie Schönheit in der Morgenzeit
Und schafft die ungezählte Seligkeit!

(You, laughing, are to me lovely: as two
Planets new and catching first the sun,
So shine your eyes. How beautiful in fun
They glitter, throwing back the beams anew!
And how your face illuminates with each
New laughing spell--impossible to say
In weakling words, to capture just the way
You render powerless, in laughing, speech!
Ah, let me look upon you once again
And worship on the widening of your lips
And how the light does brighten on your face
And how across you 'luminating grace
Like morning beauty o'er your features slips
Creating untold worth, unmeasured gain!)

Tu dors doucement
Comme un enfant
Sachant
Qu'il y a quel qu'un
Qui te tient cher
Eternellement.

Cet après-midi
Il faisait beau
La mer était active
Elle nous lavait les pieds
Avec crème chantilly
Des méduses lavées sur la plage
Tremblaient
Dans le vant



June '74







Comme des statues sur le sable
Sont situés les pêcheurs
Leurs cannes embourbés dans le sable
Pointant vers le soleil
Les vieux ne disaient rien
Sauf des saluts courts
Pendant que nous passions
Et je regardais derrière nous
Pour voir les pêcheurs
Debout en silhouette à travers le soleil
Comme des statues sur le sable

Ann Pitts

Le Paysan dans le Vignoble

Ne te cache pas parmi les vignes;
Le soleil se couche derrière la montagne,
Et tu deviens très difficile à voir.
Pourquoi as-tu peur de la moisson?
Resterais-tu ici seul pour jamais,
Se faner dans le chaud et se ratatiner dans le froid?
Comme ce serait mieux d'être savouré en ta maturité!
Ne redoute pas que je te laisse
Aller à quelqu'un d'autre, après que
Je t'avais cajolé de ta cachette:
Tu n'es destiné ni pour le vin amer de repentir
Ni pour la dégradation du bar de la ville.
Non, je te garderais pour moi-même, et te verrais
Murir et devenir plus parfumé et plus précieux.
Viens, remplies ma bouche avec ta douceur.

Jon Jefferson

To Susie*

Oh coquetry incarnate! Why
Dost thou so tantalize
When ere the greetings are well said,
'Tis time to bid goodbyes?
'Twould seem the evening's brevity
Thy flirtings would deter,
And thou wouldst my brief presence scorn,
And longer loves prefer;

But nay! it doth intensify
Thy efforts to seduce
My heart's resistance to thy wiles,
Thy well-disguisèd ruse
(For so coy is thy brazenness
No one could deem thee bold;
Indeed, thy ladylike deport
Has oft to me been told).
So unapproached thou round me spin
And romp with deep design
To tight enthrall my affection
And make this lover thine.

The fateful evening flies fast as
The moon runs to the west,
And soon I think to 'scape thy snare
For less insistent rest.
Alas! too late- my heartstrings now
Are firm-in-hand thine own.
Oh coquette! Why couldst thou not leave
This puppet heart alone?

*(Composed for the editor's dog after a
dinner party)

Jon Jefferson

IN MEMORIAM: 7-B

(Dedicated to Kathy Blackerby, Sarah Johnston, Paulette Logan, Lynn Roberts, Ann Shankles, Carole Smith, and Jinny Smith)

O bar the rooms and lock the door,
And let it ne'er know tenants more...
But press on those, who come to see,
The memory of Seven-B:

"Long trimmed these virtuous maids their lamps
To watch through evening dews and damps,
And midnight oil in faint perfumes
Still haunts these new-abandoned rooms.

"The ghosts of voices old and dear
So lately heard, still tarry here...
But nevermore...hereon 'twill boot
This suite to stay forever mute.

"Tear not those tattered ensigns down:
The posters to their spots have grown!
Did new ones with the walls make glee,
The gay result were blasphemy!"

No freshman hand these doors must try
Nor body on these pallets lie.
For those departed let this be
A sanctus for eternity!

Ann Pitts

ANOTHER PART OF THE HEATH

(Dedicated to Dr. E. S. Owenby)

What March lamb,
Exiting ever roared so?---
Howling hurricanes like the old man,
Eyes wild, cheeks cracking,
Long beard whipping in the wind
Which, carrying the cataracts,
Looms in the lightning's eerie luminescence.
The torrents purge the cowering world,
Its rotund thickness smit with thunderclaps,
Great belly-rumbles of the glowering vault.
Fork lightning
Mocks the poor forked creature, man,
Hid in hovels to 'scape the driving deluge.
Such high-engendered battles 'gainst poor naked wretches!
Kind elements! can ye find no fitter victims
Than a raving octogenarian
And a motley
Fool gaping stupidly up
Into the storm?

Ann Pitts

CYCLICAL

(Dedicated to Dr. C. E. Abernathy)

Let there not this morning be
Words that jangle emptily,
Ritual long of meaning lorn:
Clanging cymbal, blaring horn.
I know a morning more profound,
Holy quiet: only sound
The wind, and the rhythmic music ground
By the derailleur as it rolls around,
Murmuring praise to a moving Lord.

Lo, in the wind, his spoken word!
It buffets my cheeks to a fervent glow,
My pulse responding from head to toe
In pounding prayer! I bow me low,
Bending myself intently far
Over the curling handlebar,
Telling my Hails, again, again,
On the glossy links of the whirring chain.
Sprockets sing without a pause
Lubricated Glorias!
From the chanting pedals fall
Litanies antiphonal!

I'm begging indulgence in case it's not meet
That matins be said from a bicycle seat--
But let me take my communion here,
Savoring thus of the open air,
Full of the morning's heady wine,
Making a brown-bagged lunch divine
When it's sanctified by an appetite.
How many dawns are left to me?
How should I pray, but pedaling free
On rollicking rides along with thee!

Ann Pitts

MIDNIGHT LABOR

(Dedicated to Dr. H. H. Creed)

The air sweats tonight. Profuse
Drops come slowly down at first,
As thunderheads bend to their toil,
Their shoulders laced with glistening drops,
Black brows agleam with brilliant streaks.

The pains are coming faster now,
Seconds apart. I arch my back
And pant tetrameters. The clock
Sounds two tick-tocks for each heaved breath
But still the child comes not, and still!
And all is still, this even-space:
The heavy air, the labored breaths,
The coiling of the cumuli
Whose perspiration pounds the roof.

My brow is fretted o'er with sweat
And still he tarries, tarries yet!
I arch. The scarlet cranial curve
Selects this moment to emerge:
The rough, the red and wrinkled draft
Appears and with a final gasp
Is born in water, Spirit, blood.
The heavy air is split with screams,
The lightening through the cloud-mass gleams
And thunder's tossed from cloud to cloud
Reverberating long and loud.

The night is heavy, moist, and hot.
The thunderheads complain their lot,
Their swarthy brows still slick with rain,
And mine still furrowed, for the pain.
The clock tears seconds joint from joint,
Destroying every measured pause
Within his cruel iambic claws.

Ann Pitts

Garrote

This shining crescent moon of wire
Slips through my flesh and burns into
my soul.

The people's justice is absorbed
In silver pureness. Like caught fish
I gasp,

Like minnow twitching madly on a hook.
Have mercy on a sinner star-lit child,
for suns of earth may only blind.
So blindly, this garrote mirrors light.

- G. Savage

The tears of God
Hang frozen in the darkness
Edged with sparkling icicles.
They do not fall in wrathful flood
Upon the wayward earth;
Nor did they just evaporate
Like all the tears of man.
Instead, they shine
And fill the night.
They beckon and we follow,
Navigating by the stars.

Elizabeth A. Scalise







BARRY SEYMOUR
(for g.o.g.)

AN ISLAND SEQUEL

"...always the practical impossibility, transcended only by a belief
in miracle, of absolute love continuing between man and woman."

R. Graves

1

beware how these women collect mythologies;
persued,
they wear daphne's laurel like emperors;
they have towers like redwood trees
and the roots of metamorphosis are beyond their control

2

love oh love oh life it seems

life oh love is a benzene ring
I hear
your lovers come with golden ears
your emeralds to dispell the fears
 of poverty
 your body
between the lines of policy
but when the terms are set and futures seen
it's your indifference that washes clean
you tell them the
 "just the whimsey of the benzeneering! "

you say
love oh love oh life it seems
life oh love is a benzene ring

they've bought your night
 and you've sold theirs
and when they must descend the stairs
of your tower, looking back
 they ask
 who's fault
is it your gold or golden body
which turns them bitter into salt,
their lamentations and pleadings you cannot bear
 your windows are locked from this fear
and for pride you will not scream
there is just the machinery of the benzene ring
you say

nothing there is that life can bring
that is not ticking of the benzene ring.

and this I know
a polymer pirate, this alchemist
dispelled your tower with a kiss
and naked souls they stood
without his hood
the energy
drained and waxed his chemistry
but of his struggle on the reappearing stairs,
he gropes with magic, the gold is theirs,
gold are not eyes, one green, blue one
for he distills the honey sun,
he says,
life oh life oh love it seems
love oh love is a benzene ring.

is there nothing, now that you've seen
the honey distillate, the bee, his sting;
the perception
and the thing
all of these,
of benzene rings.
and what is the freedom of which we sing
when the throats of birds are lined with benzene rings?

3

thousands of raw hearts.
ground rendered and tripe for
swine.
(lately, out of pearls).

say this makes you vomit-
please do sose we kin kiss;
must for kiss the acid in tha
nose.

make no mistake
she said
'this is war'
waging relationships,
'leonard' i coughed
i coughed daily in your silver
glint mirror,
you were growing too aware,
could suck
already armies into the trap,

(so soon,
the incredulous
matrons and servants
ringing in holidays!

THREE INTERVIEWS ON POETRY AND POETS WITH OUR DEPARTING
ENGLISH PROFESSORS

QUAD is privileged to present these three interviews with Dr. Owenby, Dr. Creed, and Dr. Abernathy. The questions were drawn up by Ann Pitts, Jon Jefferson, and William Meredith and presented in these interviews. We wish to thank the professors for their willingness to participate, and the time involved, but even moreso for their many years of teaching and energies at Birmingham-Southern College.

DR. OWENBY

J.J.: What is your idea of the poet's role today? How does society look on the poet?

I think most of society looks on the poet as a person who speaks in a foreign tongue, and perhaps with some reason, because ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century the poet has been communicating less with his audience. The audience finds it more and more difficult to understand what he's saying, and this is one of the things wrong in the country today, that there is so little communication between the poet and the people who would normally be thought of as his audience.

J.J.: Do you think the poet has consciously removed himself?

I think it's a little bit of both. I think it started with the audience though. Originally the audience was small, homogeneous, well-educated people, and then as your literate group in the country increased tremendously with public education, more and more people could read, and more and more people read poetry. Yet more and more of these people who could read poetry were not well educated enough to understand a Shelley or Wordsworth, and that's when the trouble began. Then, nowadays, everybody can read, but the number of people with a real education is small.

J.J.: How legitimate do you think "beat" poetry is?

I think it's poetry alright, whether it's good poetry or bad poetry is another question.

J.J.: Is it bad poetry?

I haven't read much of Kerouac. I think some of Ginsberg's work is poetry. It's not in the same class with Auden or Elliot. I think Ginsberg likes to shock his audience, which of course is getting increasingly harder to do nowadays.

J.J.: What literary forms have you worked in?

Well the only thing I've ever done anything with, and that's been a long time ago, is the short story. I suppose I worked with that because it was the easiest form to work with. I tried my hand with a creative writing course once with some poetry. My efforts were rewarded by my instructor with the comment that this was a little bit worse than the efforts of Robert W. Service; he's the one that wrote "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and all that Alaskan stuff, you probably wouldn't know it. I haven't tried any more poetry since then.

J.J.: What direction do you think poetry will take, will it become increasingly subjective or objective?

I think it will become increasingly subjective. The poet has given up on trying to communicate; at least he's not going to worry about it. As a result, he's writing more and more privately, more and more in the kind of verse that doesn't say anything to the average person.

A.P.: Do you think the same weight is put on individual words as it used to be?

I think they are still trying to make words perform. This might be one of the difficulties, that he's trying to make them do things they haven't done before, and the result is a certain amount of obscurity. This seems to me, at any rate, to be the thing I notice about many relatively modern poets.

A.P.: Do you think meter and highly structured forms still have a place in modern poetry?

Yes, I think so. I think certainly meter does. The modern poet frequently uses a more flexible rhythm, and is relatively successful with it.

W.M.: Who are your favorite Southern poets?

Of this century, my favorite would be the man who taught that creative writing course I took a while ago, John Crowe Ransom, who was one of the great minor poets. I don't think he was a major poet. He quit writing poetry relatively early, when he went to Kenyon College in Ohio to edit the Kenyon Review. He reminds me a little bit, not in the kind of poetry he wrote, but in the care with what he choose to release to publish, of A.E.Houseman, who really published no poor poetry. Ransom was a sufficiently good critic so that he didn't turn anything loose if it wasn't top notch. That's one difficulty with many poets, that they can't see their own faults. This includes some of the great names in English poetry, like Shelley.

W.M.: Who is your favorite poet from any century?

Well, that's difficult. Naturally I would leave Shakespeare aside, he's in a class by himself. Picking from among the others, I think maybe I'd come back to Donne.

W.M.: How do you see the influence of American poetry as compared to European poetry?

I think it has been as important as European poetry, say as British poetry, during the last hundred and fifty years, beginning with Whitman, and then coming on up through Emily Dickenson, and then Frost, Robinson, and Sandburg. They hold their own with the great Victorians and the great moderns.

W.M.: How do you view Frost's contribution to American poetry?

I think Frost has produced a tremendous amount of very fine poetry. He, like Houseman and Ransom, had a very fine critical sense, so he published little poor poetry. He kept the quality of his poetry at a remarkably high level.

A.P.: What quality poems have you seen in QUAD since you can remember? Has QUAD produced some good poetry?

Yes, I think QUAD has produced some good material. Both verse and prose. I think the quality of material has been extremely uneven. In the past certainly one of the difficulties has been that the editor had to use almost everything that was submitted in order to get enough to fill his quota of pages.

J.J.: My first question is about the role of the poet. In the past the traditional role has been that he is a spokesman for the age, a prophet, or a seer. How do you see his role today?

Well it has certainly changed from the role of the prophet or seer. The old Saxon bard wrote alongside the king and was his advisor. If anybody writes alongside the President today, it's a scientist or a businessman. Somebody like John Kennedy would try to give some attention to a poet like Robert Frost, but that was more or less a gesture, that he wasn't there to advise the President. You can see that change in the role from the 16th century, someone like Phillip Sydney, in the 1580's- The Defense of Poetry, you remember, with that magnificent curse at the end of it for people who didn't like poetry: may they be in love and never find favor for lack of a sonnet, may they die and their memory cease for lack of an epitaph. Poetry has been on the defense certainly since the Renaissance. And most people aside from that small group of people associated with colleges and universities are still rather suspicious of poets.

J.J.: Why is that?

You ought to be doing something, you see, more businesslike and profitable, and exposition is favored over the poetic form. It's hard for some people to accept that poetry is anything more than just a kind of idle occupation. We had Robert Frost on the campus two or three times, and there were some businessmen (I'm sure their wives brought them), that seemed genuinely surprised that Frost was not some eccentric looking fellow with long hair and flashing eyes-somebody who would get a sudden seizure, pick up a pencil and start writing poems, but looked like a successful businessman or farmer. A person with a lot of good common sense. The defense has turned into something rather personal. I think if you had to characterize what's happened to poetry in our century, you could do it by examining the kinds of escapes that poets have tried to get free of any suspicions about themselves as persons. One escape has been to join up with some movement. The poet in the twentieth century has been a right lonely person. He often has tried to join a movement of some kind, anything from vegetarianism to communism, or imagism; and you can make a long list of these "isms". Some of the poets, certainly in the 20's and 30's, joined movements that later they wanted to free themselves from and recant some of those early attempts to form a community.

A.P.: Would you see projectivism as one of those movements?

In the present time, yes. Probably in a way a different kind. It's an "ism" built on techniques rather than beliefs in something. The poet has tried to find a community- a group he could share with somehow. A second kind of escape has been to make use of the whole folk tradition, and become a part of the past and bring it into the future. Of course, always if he's a good poet, he's going to put his own imprint on the traditions he picks up. The interest, for instance, in the folk ballad, poets have made use of that older tradition. People like Frost and Edward Robinson. The third, and most interesting, attempt to escape, and these are not mutually exclusive, has been to set up their own kind of guard. It's pretty often a guard in diction. Somebody like Ezra Pound almost made a career out of proving that people could no longer read poetry. He'd write a poem that they couldn't read. It was almost as if he took the attitude, well since you won't read me, I'll write poetry that even if you wanted to read me, you aren't equipped to do it, that kind of highly guarded style that gets you into all kinds of irony and paradox and a very compressed kind of imagery that very few readers are equipped to deal with.

J.J.: Dr. Owenby seemed to feel that the poet's isolation was self-imposed. You seem to be implying that it is a rejection or suspicion. Is that correct?

I think what I meant was that the change in the public attitude towards poets and poetry has brought on that sense of isolation. Poets have reacted to that and perhaps have increased that isolation. All poets, however, may pretend they are writing this for themselves, but I feel all poets would like to feel that they're communicating with some kind of public, and that they're not just chattering voices in their own room of silence.

A.P.: I guess that's because poetry is written to be read and to evoke images from a reader.

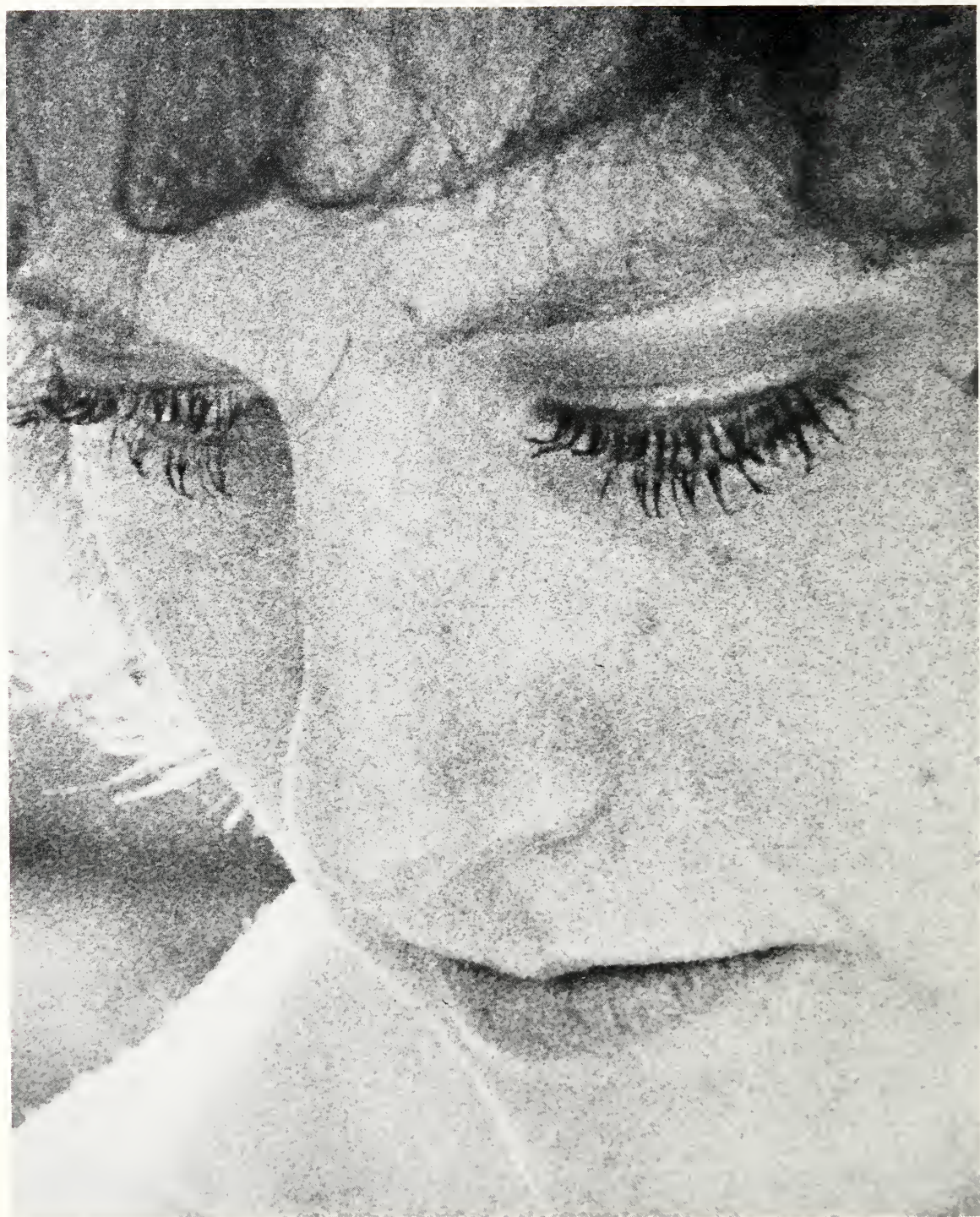
We've lost some of that sense, the spoken effect of the poem. Somebody like Frost insisted that the voice was always the important thing. When he was here, he never said "I'm going to read a poem", he'd say "I'm going to say a poem".

J.J.: What direction do you think poetry will take in the future? More subjective or objective, or will Browning's synthesis of the two come about?

I think poetry has become more and more subjective, in the sense that it has become personal and confessional in a way, away from some of the earlier movements. In the 20's and 30's and into the 40's you have a lot of poetry that could be called "populist", that deals with strikes, machinery breaking down, war, and revolution-the kind of thing that would arise out of a period of depression and unemployment. Then by the 50's and 60's the poetry of public issues was out, say by the end of the Korean war in the early 1950's, a kind of withdrawal from politics and social idealism. This is the time of the development of the "New Criticism" with an emphasis on the structure of poetry. I think a response to that "New Criticism" was directing poetry towards a carefully structured, somewhat traditional kind of poem, but with all this irony and paradox that critics, like Warren, like to talk about. A kind of rejection of some of the earlier symbolism. If you looked at the three big movements in our time, and they are, as I say, not mutually exclusive, there are the traditionalists like Frost and Robinson, who deal with the realities around them in a conventional way (Frost always maintained that writing free verse was like playing tennis without a net-he wanted that restriction); a second main current would be the free verse experiments from Whitman on, leading to the projective verse; people like Pound, William Carlos Williams, Carl Sandburg are the third movement, related to French symbolism. Later, in the 60's, an anti-symbolist reaction occurred, and the new poetry became often autobiographical and quite personal. A lot of technical mannerisms, like projective verse, which has been called "feel composition", people like Charles Olson, Ginsberg, and Ferlinghetti. Even when some kept within the trend of the older imagism the image became more subjective. An image was very likely to come from the subconscious, rather than the consciously observed-I suppose you could call it something like subjective imagism, as opposed to objective imagism. They're not indifferent to what's wrong with the world around them, but the response becomes highly personal, and some of the criticism that has been made of recent American poetry is that there has been too much emphasis on bodily and emotional processes in the poetry, and maybe too much indifference to plot in the narrative poem.

All of this intense kind of individualism is certainly not new; it's as least as old as Emerson, insisting on self-reliance and the importance of the individual. Thoreau and Emerson wrote this kind of individualistic poetry, although they of course were not going to take it as far as somebody like Whitman. Of course Whitman took it as far as you could go in that kind of oratorical free verse that he finally wrote.





I think one thing that needs to be said to young writers is that you need to begin in a conventional kind of poetry. This is what Whitman did. A trouble with a lot of the young poets that I've had contact with is that they want to start with all this freedom. They're rebelling without knowing what they're rebelling against. You want to hop all around before you learn how to walk. Walk the conventional way first, then go about your eccentricities.

The newer poet is less concerned with the generic man, and with himself, when he says "myself" he means whoever he is, that leads you to this autobiographical feeling. Not as much of what somebody like John Crowe Ransom would call the "aesthetic distance", so that you narrow the distance till it's almost not there. Or something like what T.S. Elliot called the "objective correlative", which is more or less the same thing.

W.M.: How is poetry looked at here at 'Southern'?

Too many people don't really see the distinction between the poetic and the practical. A lot of people are suspicious of poetic writing; as if one is wasting one's time reading or writing poetry. I think maybe outside the English department you find the bulk of this faculty a little suspicious about poetry. For instance, they've reinstated the requirement of one course in English, but they're very careful to let the English department know that they don't want that to be a study of poetry, they want it to be a study of the practical, expository prose that makes the English department a kind of tool for some other discipline. My own feeling is that the real business of the English department is to save the poetic, and that it ought to be focused more on poetic diction than on practical diction. If for no other reason, I think poetry is worth saving, and that's the only way you're going to save it. But most people are not going to go out on their own and read poetry.

DR. ABERNATHY

J.J.: How do you see the role of the poet today- as one of prophet, spokesman or critic of the age?

I don't necessarily see him in a political or social role. I think his role is to write the best poetry he can. If he has something, it's to be a caretaker of the language. I don't know who else pays this kind of attention to language--all the deterioration and corruption that happens to language. I don't know who can protect it. And I don't mean in the French Academy sense, not to touch it, but to keep it live and going, and use it with all its richness and subtlety. I think this is the best role for the poet; it's what the poet has done for me, to keep me alert and aware of language. I don't know how I would have stayed alert and sensitive to language if it hadn't been for the poet. The roll call of people who have kept the language going in a disciplined but creative and rich sense in this century includes Yeats, Frost, and Elliot.

J.J.: What direction do you think poetry will take?

It's in a subjective state now, and I think it will stay that way for a good while. We went through, earlier in the century, a kind of return to Augustine objectivity. I think that has thinned down some, and poetry seems more subjective and personal now. I have sensed a change within the past decade or so to an increased subjectivism. Poets tend to go the way the feeling is about things. But I think, since our recent troubles, in the 60's and early 70's, I don't want to say Watergate but all that surrounded that public purge, the sense of purge is within the writer is within the writer, and ought to be in the writer if he is speaking out of our conscience. We all feel kind of confessional, nobody feels triumphant over what happened. I think this sense is very good because the poet and other artists keep

us sensitive to things.

J.J.: About the Beat poets- Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg - are they legitimate?

Sure, they're legitimate. They're fun. They're exciting, you don't relax with them, you might fall off the tightrope, but it's a playfulness, but a serious playfulness. I think they're doing what a long tradition of poets have done. Most poets have been sort of rebels-experimental with things. I think they're in a legitimate tradition. The subject matter might be a little more shocking but Mr. Pope was pretty shocking back in his days. Certainly John Donne was pretty shocking. All good poets are pretty shocking.

A.P.: Do you think meter and highly structured forms still have a place in modern poetry?

Sure, if it's the medium a poet wants to get said. I don't think one would set out to be a sonnet writer. If a sonnet is a convenient medium, I don't see why a poet would avoid writing a sonnet. Form follows art, art doesn't follow form. Form exists for the artist.

A.P.: What quality poems have you seen in QUAD?

I'm glad to see verse being printed, and being tried. I think some of them have been remarkably good, but I'm particularly pleased with the effort, that QUAD is willing to print them, and that students are willing to write verse. To dare to be inane, you know, requires a good bit of courage. I'm not implying that all undergraduate verse is inane. Some of it doesn't get beyond that, but a lot of it does get beyond that. A lot of early Frost and early anybody came out inane; it "missed". The fact that undergraduates are writing verse is very important, and I think QUAD has helped stir this up. Dr. Creed's efforts in the verse writing courses have also been important. Verse seems to be a good way to talk about yourself. It's a kind of egoism in a healthy way. This is one place we can talk about "me", and this is good, because the "me" is a good thing to objectify and work into a communicable shape. I am pleased with what QUAD is doing.

W.M.: How does poetry relate to the liberal arts education?

I feel we do have an obligation to teach freshmen English, and to try to get everybody more articulate, but there also ought to be the opportunity for the development of some aesthetic notions and a critical mind. That is the main job of the liberal arts college-to train the mind critically, and certainly literature and aesthetics are two areas where it needs training. The course in poetry is a course in training the critical mind. I think this is what the liberal arts education is-to free the mind by training it to operate with judicious criticism, criticism as an act of appreciation as well as discrimination.

W.M.: Who are your favorite Southern poets?

John Crowe Ransom. Robert Penn Warren. This sounds very provincial, but the most interesting and the best poetry that's been written in the South has come out of Vanderbilt- the so called Fugitive poets. Certainly Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, and Donald Davidson have written the most interesting, lively poetry in the South. I don't know who has replaced them.

W.M.: Who are your favorite poets?

Well, Andrew Marvell. Robert Herrick. Some Dryden- the satires. I'm not crazy about the Dryden Odes. And Pope, of course. Even Swift was a very good poet in his time. I've never liked Blake. The mystic experience is beyond me. I don't know how to deal with the mystic poet. Of the great Romanticists, Coleridge, probably, some Wordsworth. In the modern poets, Elliot.

W.M.: Do you have anything else you'd like to say?

Yes, I'll say one thing. I'll say the most exciting teaching, I mean exciting to the teacher, I have done here is the poetry course. That's why we all like to do it, because if students get adjusted to it, it's just a delight. The class you were in was one of the great teaching pleasures of my life, the rapport that I felt went on there- the exchange of ideas, and the pleasure, both the kind of sensuous, personal pleasure and the intellectual pleasure. I think the study of literature classes will continue to be taught. It's a course that ought to "take". If any English teacher is going to have fun, I think that's going to be where the fun starts.



POETRY REVIEWS

Poetry, Howard Nemerov Issue, August, 1975, 1228 N. Dearborn Pkwy., Chicago, Illinois 60610, \$1.25

A Coney Island of the Mind, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, New Directions Publishing Company, New York, \$1.00

Red Owl, Robert Morgan, W.W.Norton & Co. Inc., New York, \$1.95

The Country of Marriage, Wendell Berry, Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch, New York, \$2.25

When one acknowledges that poetry is a potent means of knowing, a means of broadening one's perceptual abilities, and, perhaps most importantly, a highly developed art form, its continuing value for contemporary man seems hardly questionable. Purportedly, when one obtains a liberal arts degree, one gains a proper affection for poetry. Unfortunately poetry meets long held prejudices in some college students, who in many cases have been successfully immunized in high school from accepting poetry as being personally valid or worth their while. The four poets reviewed here are all contemporary and are trying to speak in new ways of their personal perceptions of twentieth century existence. They range from Ferlinghetti's San Francisco social commentaries to Morgan's Appalachian country poems.

The venerable magazine Poetry may be found in our library, and is readily accessible. The August issue is devoted solely to Howard Nemerov, and the poems comprise about half of the contents of his ninth book of verse: The Western Approaches: Poems 1973-75 (pub. by the University of Chicago Press). It also contains a delightful essay entitled "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Skylark", which deals with what it is like to be a poet these days, what it is like to write poetry, and so on. In the discussion Nemerov says "One way regarded, it is the traditional business of poetry to inspire, even to invent, human purpose. But simultaneously the opposite is true: poetry is the traditional human means of confronting the hopelessness of human purpose". Defining poetry he adds: "Poetry is like such words as 'reality' and 'form', then, because poetry deals first with experience, and only derivatively with meaning; it attempts to catch the first evanescent flickerings of thought across the surface of things". His poems exhibit an almost miraculous comprehension of a myriad of subjects- from playing the Bach Inventions to watching football on TV.

"Playing the Inventions" exhibits this extraordinary ability to perceive. The first two parts of the poem deal not only with the concealed structures of the Inventions, but even more so with the conception of taking a fragment of music and almost exhausting the possibilities of saying it in different ways. Unfortunately, one almost has to be a music major or a fine amateur pianist to appreciate the depth of Nemerov's understanding of the Inventions. But this issue of Poetry has many such brilliant poems. His sense of humor is evidenced in the short poem, "Cosmic Comics", which toys with the black holes of the universe. The title poem, "The Western Approaches" is perhaps the finest of the poems, if such a choice must be made. It deals with determinism, and contrasts European and American ways of looking at the future with Oriental approaches. The incomprehensible ways our lives seem to fill out stories told long ago colors the entire thinking of the





poem. This is not, however, the telling factor of the worth of the poem-its poetic devices and structure are handled well and are particularly appealing. "Learning the Trees" exemplifies Nemerov's sensitivity to words-the way they feel in the mouth, the very images they suggest- and his poetic craft. His delight in the vocabulary of trees structures the entire poem, which tells no stories or theme, but enlightens one to the words themselves. This sense and awareness of words can be seen in every poem.

Ferlinghetti played a major role in the development of the San Francisco Beat poetry movement in the early fifties. He deals with the varied themes of the pursuit of euphoria (by varied means- Eastern religions, love, circus antics), and drugs. Ferlinghetti has rejected poetic disengagement from society and politics. There is a negative quality in his works that derides and satirizes a world that has not arrived at beat perceptiveness. The euphoric side of Ferlinghetti is always counterbalanced by his black moods. A Coney Island of the Mind contains some of his best and most well-known poems. Ferlinghetti is refreshing quite simply because he is unafraid to say what he sees, or to use any words he feels the necessity to use. This volume contains the well-known poems "Constantly risking absurdity and death", "In Goya's greatest scenes we seem to see", "I am waiting", and "Christ Climbed Down".

Perhaps one of the reasons Ferlinghetti's poetry is so endearing and popular is that he sings our complaint of the blandness of American society (".I am waiting for someone to really discover America and wail"). But these complaints are tempered with an idealism, for Ferlinghetti is interested in more than just simply describing and depressing. This can most clearly be seen in "I am waiting". The poem consists of seven sections that deal with different aspects of American society. The first speaks on the corruption of the ideals that America was founded on, and the need for the discovery of a new symbolic Western frontier. The second deals with religious commercialism and triteness ("I am seriously waiting for Billy Graham and Elvis Presley to exchange roles seriously"), and the third with the dangers of nationalistic pride and the atomic threat. He waits for a nebulous happiness in the fourth, and prejudices to end in the fifth (" I am waiting for God to lookout from Lookout Mountain and see the Ode to the Confederate Dead as a real farce"). The sixth deals with overt sexual images ("I am waiting for the American Boy to take off Beauty's clothes and get on top of her") that call for a renewal of innocence. The seventh becomes universal-he longs for "youth's green dumb fields to come back again", his recollection of the unawakened and unspoiled child, and for the "fleeing lovers of the Grecian Urn to catch each other at last and embrace". The beauty of this poem lies in its accepted naivete, the inherent humor, and the clarity of his vision. It might seem that Ferlinghetti uses poetry as a medium for the complaints, and that there is little actual poetry in his work. However, it is poetry, and refreshingly good at that. Ferlinghetti has taken poetry off her shelf reserved for the intellectual and dumped her in everyone's lap. His word choices may not always be consistent in the structure of a poem, but the freshness of his work is perhaps dependent on his loose structures and rhythms. The looseness and ease of his style is very calculated and determined. The first line of the tenth poem, for example ("I have not lain with beauty all my life, telling over to myself its most rife charms"), feels beautiful on the tongue. The poems need to be read aloud by people who are open to new perspectives, who are not afraid of "hot legs and rosebud breasts" (No.3). The third poem begins like this:

The poet's eye obscenely seeing
sees the surface of the round world.

This is Ferlinghetti, obscenely seeing and saying what is happening to the world-obscene only because he is not afraid to say. For the price of two beers, or two quart cartons of milk, this book could be the best investment you'll make for a long time.

Wendell Berry and Robert Morgan have a great deal in common-not only in their use of the country as the medium of their poetic expression, but also the great skill with which they approach their subjects. This kind of farm poetry owes a great debt to Robert Frost, for his emphasis on country happenings and people, and shares with Andrew Wyeth the careful examination of the common event, the usually unnoticed turn of the day, the red apples in the basket under the tree. These poets deal with the significances of the seemingly small event. Although the return to the natural has almost become a cliché, this poetry deals with such a return, and is especially fitted for us in the suburb and city.

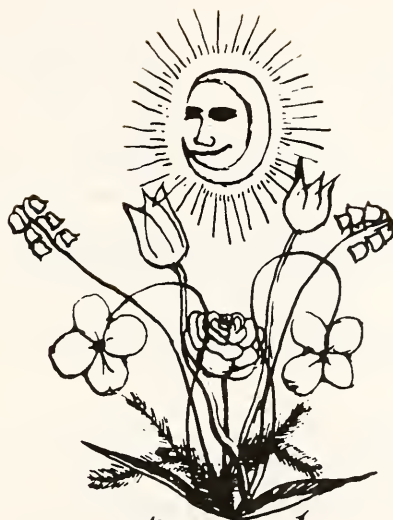
Robert Morgan's Red Owl is an important volume of poetry. Morgan is still relatively unknown to most people, and this is a shame. His skill as a craftsman is great-his images are startling and fresh, as are his word choices. The poems take a little while to appreciate, for Morgan deals with uninteresting events and things- a tree falling back to the earth, chips around a woodpile, newly plowed ground. His perceptions of the meanings behind these things are at once profound and highly effective. One particularly strong poem, unusual in its obviousness in dealing with its subject matter, death, (for Morgan is not usually so obvious) is "Exhaustion":

The earth is our only bed, the deep
couch from which we cannot fall. Suddenly
this need to lie down.
The flesh will flow out in currents of decay,
a ditch where the weeds find dark treasure.

The poem contains ironic humor, in that our treasured bodies shall nourish lowly weeds, good imagery, and hints of the theme of the cyclical eternal nature of birth and death. All the poems in the volume are quite masterful and give new perspectives to American poetry.

Wendell Berry's poetry is quite different, though equally as good. This volume is concerned with man's relationships to nature, all of humanity, and to God and the powers of creation. The farmer and his land form central images in his themes. It is hard to speak highly enough of Berry's poetry. Unfortunately, there is not enough space to go into a persuasive and pervasive description of this volume. His writing contains more direct statement than Morgan's, and his themes are handled differently. Berry deals with people, with the "I" of all of us. Berry seeks a homecoming, a return to meaningful values and lives. If you like poetry, and you probably wouldn't have gotten this far in the review if you didn't, I would urge you to get this volume and give it the attention it richly deserves. It is a joy,

William Meredith



the end.

CREDITS

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Sharon Isay-Siegel	Girl with Typewriter
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	Dancer Study
	Girl in the Stands
	Two Boys
	Woman with Hat
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	Old Woman at Market
Darrel McAnnelly	Portrait Study No. 1
	Portrait Study No. 2
Pamela Dolbey	Woman Study No. 1
(Drawings)	Woman Study No. 2

PRINTS

Jane McInerney	Woman's Head
	Skirted Woman
David Smith	U. S. A.

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